And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy ſelfe,
Reſcued the *blacke Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouſand French:
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now priſoner to the Plaſhy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.

Bul. My gracious Vncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

Yor. Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th' expiration of thy time,
In braving Armes againſt thy Soueraigne.

Bul. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as a I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And noble Vncle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Couſin King, be King of England,
It muſt be granted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died, and he bin thus trod downe,
He ſhould have found his Vncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Pattens give me leave;
My fathers goods are all diſtraynd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all amiſſe imployd,

What

What would you have me doe
And challenge Law, Attorneye
And therefore perſonally I lay
To mine inheritance of free De

Nor. The Noble Duke hath

Roſ. It ſtands your Grace upo

Wil. Baſe men by his endow

Yor. My Lords of England, I
I have had feeling of my Coſin
And labour'd all I could to do
But in this kind, to come in bra
Be his owne Carver, and cut ou
To find out Right with wrongs,
And you that doe abeit him in
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Reb

Yor. The Noble Duke hath
But for his owne, and for the ri
We all have ſtrongly ſworne t
And let him nev'r ſee joy, that

Yor. Well, well, I ſee the iſſu
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs
Becauſe my power is weake,
But if I could, by him that gav
I would attach you all, and ma
Vnto the Soueraigne mercy of
But ſince I cannot, be it know
I doe remaine as Neuter. So
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in th
And there repoſe you for this

Bul. An offer Vncle, that we
But we muſt winne your Grace
To Briſtoll Caſtle, which they
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and their Co
The Caterpillers of the Com
Which I have ſworne to weed

Yor. It may be I will goe wi
For I am loth to breake our C
Not Friends, nor Foes, to me

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)